

"what did I do for them? I cannot speak their language. "Ah," said the teacher, "but your smiles and pleasant looks were more to those children than words."

After all, we Christians do a lot of talking that we never put into practice; but, if we try and try, I know that we can do a little good every day. And if we do our deeds of charity in a simple and true way, we may at last have our life more praised by the mighty and omnipotent God.

Lathrop, Cal.

Sisters' S. C. E.

THE MINISTER'S YOUNG WIFE.

Great was the commotion when the pastor, the Rev. Arthur McCready, let it be known that he would bring a wife in the spring and would need the parsonage. He had been called to the St. John's church some months previous. He seemed to be such a reserved, cold man, that his members had given him up as being a marriageable man; he was declared to be a veritable student that loved nothing but his books, and church, and good deeds.

The rector had made his home with Judge Rowan and wife since he had accepted the call. The old couple had become attached to him and proposed to the congregation to fit up the pretty but neglected parsonage for the new bride.

It was not a rich church, but Judge Rowan was able to do more than any of the others and was quite liberal when he chose to be. So the rectory was made comfortable and cosy for the coming bride and groom.

The inference naturally drawn was that the bride would be scholarly and in every way fitted to be a helpmate for the dignified pastor. Imagine the surprise when he walked up the church aisle with a young, girlish, but beautiful bride, dressed becomingly for her style of rich brunette beauty; she looked young enough to be his daughter. It was to be hoped that the happy looking bride did not see the astonished and disappointed look of her husband's parishioners, especially the country folk.

The sunshine of the beautiful June morning was in perfect accord with the feelings of Mrs. McCready's heart. The young wife had a secret gladness that no fall in the barometer would be in the least likely to affect. It was woven in corresponding patterns into the texture of two lives; thus soliloquized the happy girlish young creature.

Mr. McCready lived upon too high a plane, and was out of place in these rushing, progressive, selfish days of the nine-

teenth century. He lived for the good of his fellow man. His wife never knew when he went downtown, whether or not he would come back with his overcoat, or whether he would not spend every dollar of the market money for some poor widow or to help some sorrowing one.

It was this high spiritual nature in him that won the young, romantic girl. She adored these traits that seemed so noble and unusual. Men of this kind are not easy to live with. They deny themselves, are self-sacrificing, but are usually poor, and their families have to suffer many inconveniences. As the years passed the girlish young bride who came to them with such delight in her heart, such roses in her cheeks, began to fade, to look dispirited—to be sure she was the mother of three children—and the cares and increasing family had told on her sadly. Mrs. Brown, a devoted member of St. John's church, and a kind-hearted, motherly little widow, considered it her duty to look after the minister's family. She had noticed the sadness in the young wife's face of late. There was something pathetic in it, and it troubled Mrs. Brown. She made unusual efforts to help her. The unspeakable charm of spring was upon everything. The rectory garden would soon blossom and bloom with roses. Their anniversary, a well remembered June day, would soon be here but the roses had deserted the young wife's cheeks. All day she had not known a half hour's leisure. She would tell you she was on her feet from morning to night, performing a round of duties, which have all to be gone through again on the morrow. Sometimes she feels her life is wasted. There had been floating through mind and heart some sweet tuneful chords which she longed to weave into harmony. She was given to composing somewhat before her marriage, being a skilful musician. She is still conscious of the power, but time! time! when and where? She had not a moment to call her own. She looked weary of it all. She would find herself with pencil and paper trying to jot down some sweet notes that had been ringing within her all day.

Mrs. Brown was a quiet, unobtrusive person, sympathetic and tender. The workbasket full of little waists to be made and unmended clothing, stood in front of her. She took out a garment to work upon. She noticed the abstraction of the minister's wife, the far away look. After some moments of silence, Mrs. McCready said:

"Mrs. Brown, it isn't wicked to long so for the beautiful, is it? I love music, and pretty clothes; I don't love books; but the temptation to buy what I want is

so great. I know I shall shock you. Our church people would regard me as foolish and sentimental, but I hate to be poor—don't think I'm sorry I married David. I loved him, I would do it again. I gave up wealth for him, but being poor means giving up sentiment. I believe David has forgotten he ever loved me, has forgotten how I used to look, and yet how he praised me in that violet gown. If I should tell you what I would love to have money to spend for, you would feel shocked. I would love a little French straw bonnet, with delicate pink roses, and a violet colored organdie gown. I ought not to feel wickd on a June morning, but for once I believe I would like to exchange places with the rich Mrs. Withers, who can gratify every wish. I am tired, so tired," and with that she broke into a sob and rested her head on the back of her chair and cried as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Brown was astonished; the little wife was not given to unburdening her heart, but the church people had all wondered how such a little beauty with tastes that seemed to all so different had ever come to marry their grave, studious minister. Mrs. Brown threw down her work, put her motherly arms around the poor wife, and spoke soothing, comforting words of affection. The wife spoke between sobs, saying:

"I know you pity me, and have a contempt for such weakness, but I'm glad I said it. I feel better to have opened my heart to you. I've no mother or sister, and David's life is so full—"

The young wife bathed her face, brushed her hair, she was shocked as she caught a glance of her face in the mirror. It looked old and careworn. She picked up a note book of her husband's which she knew had been left there by mistake, and turned to replace it on his table in the study when a slip of paper fell out. It read:

"God loves beauty; the plain lesson follows, God might have made the birds of one colored plumage from wing tip to wing tip through every species. He might have made them all black, or all brown, or all russet, very dull and very unattractive, but he has not thus made them. He has thrown into their plumage every tint the sun paints, thousands of them so gorgeous that seemingly they must have darted through rainbows and got pencilled with the colors."

Some voices were heard in the hall, and Elizabeth, the bright-eyed, lovely daughter, ran in to tell her mother about the song service at the chapel, where she and David had gone with their papa. Mr.